

BATURDAY JULY 16, 1904

JUNE BUG AND MAN.

The June bug is a joyous thing;

How glad it is at night.
When every flutter of each wing Seems telling its delight!

It zooms about from place to place to place upon its happy trip.

Datii against a wall its face
Goes, with a sounding "Bip!"

As well as by its whizz.

Now often some one quickly jumps

And cries: "Hark! There it is!"

Ind then we hear its "b-z-z-z um-m-t
bum-m"

And mark its size and die

And mark its rise and dip
Until misfortune stills its hum—
It strikes the wall with "Bip!"

Wain man is like this bug of June

Which bips against the wall; He may fly high, but pretty soon He's sure to have a fall. But fate is sure to nip

The man some luckless day or night— He'll hit the wall with "Bip!" How idie, then, the pride of man!

He does not know there are bout him, built with cunning plan,
The walis whereon he'll jar.

Bo does not know—and so he scoots
Until he's lost his grip,
And then the crowd that's watching hoots An echo to his "Bip!"

But, this the June bug teaches up-This lesson for all men:
When bitter fate has bipped you thus,

when bitter tate has hipped you thus, Rise up and bip again!"
ard luck can never truly say
It has you on the hip.
Ike the June bug. Then you may
Try for another "Bip!"
W. D. N., in Chicago Daily Tribune.

AT CLOSE OF DAY By SARA LINDSAY COLEMAN

HE big, many-pillared old mansion sat back from the wide, unpaved shelter of his arms. street in the beautiful seclusion of its lowering, glistening magnolia trees. The stoor stood wide open to the misty early spring night that was settling down over the town, and Fletcher, who had been standing hesitatingly on the threshold **Zhat** had sheltered so many generations of dead and gone Fletchers, half afraid that the quiet portended something that he refused to let take shape in his mind, stumbled into the shadowed interior to and it deserted, and went on with slow painful steps up the familiar stairway and down the wide, long hall, led, it almost seemed, by subtle, unseen, compelling hands. He stopped before a Loor, half ajar, and leaned there heavily one who had come far and reached his

The white, wasted little form of his phild was held by a capped and aproned woman, who rocked him softly back and forth as she sat in a low chair by the

The room was in shadow, and the child gazed dreamily into the fire flames to "Nursey, I 'members-"

"What, little one?" "That's you's muddie. Muddie," a contented little hand went up to her

The woman gave a little gasping cry that was stifled in its birth.

The child had said those words before to wring that cry from her. Once with the little betraying cry on her lips she had slipped from the child's room to have the doctor's comment follow her going with: "She's losing her nervea capital nurse, too-she's too intense, too in sympathy with the little chap. She couldn't feel it more if he were her want to ask you, Mrs. Fletcher, where

out of the doctor's presence "I fought you went to Heaven," the boy went on. "Don't muddie's ever go if you hadn't come to our boy?" to Heaven? When I worried my grannie, she said they didn't. Then what do little boys do wifout 'em?"

The woman's hand closed the questioning mouth. "Go to sleep, my lamb," she entreated, and at the sound of her voice Fletcher's shaking hand went out and grasped the door for support.

The boy stared up into the lovely face touched by the fireglow. In the days and hights just gone through with she had never left him. Always she had leaned over him, giving him medicine, putting ice on his head, rubbing him and calling to him in soft, breathless whispers, and pulling him back from the black rolling waters into which his tired little body wanted to slip .. "Muddie."

The woman roused herself with an effort. "Daddy's coming," she said, gaily. "He's coming just as big as the big boat will bring him. The doctor sent over the sea to tell him that his sick little boy needed him, and when he finds his little son so lonely he'll never go away and leave him again-never."

"And will you stay ven?" The woman kissed the questioning

mouth "Why, you see," she began, with a brave attempt at mirth, "there are so many little boys that are sick; nursey must go back and take care of them." "Muddie, muddie!" the child turned

in her arms and flung himself upon her in a strangling embrace. He began to cry piteously: "Stay wif your little the root left in the ground it will efboy," he begged.
"My baby, my

baby!" the woman eried, gaspingly.

But the child, comforted by her warm nearness to him, had crept to her shoulder and nestled down in sleepy con-

The woman, her fair head bent low crooned a lullaby as she rocked the child softly back and forth. The fire flared and sent strang: unearthly shadows swaying softly of the walls. It showed the mother's face remulous with unshed

ears; it showed Fletcher's eyes hungry, 3 one who hungers for bread just be-

Suddenly Fletcher crossed the room and dropped on his knees beside the quiet

"Oh," she said, and she showed no surprise; "I knew that you would come. I never meant to come here to your home. but I had to-I couldn't endure it. Don't eave him again. He needs you-the poor baby. His grandmother doesn't understand him, and then," with a little unmirthful laugh, "she can't forgive him that he's mine. Do you remember how I fretted that she would never recognize me-never meet a daughter of the people-and because of that I have been able to come here and snatch him from death for you. Life's too big for us to understand, isn't it?" She smiled wistfully. "Rob," she said, softly, "I know now that I did wrong-that it was I who was in the wrong."

The man's face suddenly became as a mask of stone, its lines fixed and rigid. The woman shrank from him. "You doubt me still," she cried. "I want nothing from you-I loathe the money you have wanted me to use, but you shall believe in me. You shall," looking into his unyielding eyes. "I did wrong," she said again. "I think you would have let me explain, but I was too hurt to want to explain. I was young and foolish and intolerant, and so I slipped away; it was an act of guilt, wasn't it? You thought it guilt, and covered my going to save the good old name. I don't know how I ever did it-it tore my heart strings,

Fletcher leaned nearer and nearer, his hot eyes upon her fire-lit face, searching it, piercing through it to what lay be-

The fire's soft querulousness and the child's breathing were the only sounds "You believe," she cried, breathlessly; you believe in me."

"I believe," he said, solemnly. trifle to bring such bitterness and sor- Jackson's method of "raising" fowls, row. I don't know why I didn't make and when it was discovered that he you listen to the truth that night; I don't hadn't even a henhouse he was watched. was such a child, Rob, and I was bewildered. I wanted to die. Your scorn cut like a lash: your doubt—Rob Rob" sha like a lash; your doubt—Rob, Rob," she his man to a hill back of Elder Thomas' cried, "don't you know yet? It was all barn, where strange things happened. make-believe. It was a play I was rehearsing with him-none of the others could take the part-don't you remem-

But Fletcher had drawn her into the



HE DROPPED ON HIS KNEES. looked at Fletcher with big, wondering

eyes. "Daddy," he said, uncertainly; "daddy. Fletcher kissed him, a sudden mist before his eyes.

The wan little arm stole about his throat, the other was about the neck of the hospital nurse. "Kiss muddie," he commanded.

The man's lips closed on the woman's trembling mouth.

When the fire flared up again Fletcher was saying: "And to think the little chap remembered that old trick of making us kiss each other, Martha. Why, it's

"An eternity, as hearts count. He's a own. And that, by the way, is what I baby still," she said, and it has been two years-doesn't it take them a long time is the child's mother?" But Mrs. to lose their baby ways," she smiled at Fletcher had stiffened visibly and him with the old smile brim full of love swept her proud, unbending old figure and trust.

"Martha, Martha," hoarsely, "what if you hadn't become a nurse? What

"How futile." she said. I meant to leave before you came, and you would never have mounted those steps if you had known that I was at the end of the journey, and so things were taken out of our hands."

"It was destiny," Fletcher said. "Oh, no," gently, "not fate; just God's planning."

FATAL TO NOXIOUS WEEDS. Kerosene or Salt Will Effectually Exterminate the Pestiferous

Dandelion.

Owners of lawns and grass plots have great trouble every year in keeping them free from the pestiferous dandelion. A benevolent citizen who has experienced lots of this trouble writes to say that many people bring more of this trouble on themselves by trying to exterminate dandelions by cutting the plant off just below the ground. A great deal of this is done early in the spring by people collecting young dandelion plants for "greens," they being an excellent and wholesome pot herb. This, it is said, does not kill the plant, but causes each root to throw out several shoots, and thus multiplies the number of dande-

The correspondent mentioned writes to impress his fellow sufferers that if when they cut off the dandelion plant below the ground they will drop a pinch of salt or a tablespoonful of coal oil on fectually kill it. This may seem a troublesome job, but to one who is set on keeping his grass plot clear of dandelions it will in the end save a lot of trouble.

That's No Lie. Some men are natural leaders born,

And some are poets made; Some win fame through politics, And some get coin in trade; But of the entire crowd on earth These form but a small slice,

For the average man prefers to stand Around and give advice.

FOX STOLE THE CHICKENS.

Colored Man Taught Reynard to Supply Him with Poultry from Neighboring Coops.

George Washington Alonzo Jackson, of Barnard, Vt., a negro who lives in a cabin back in the hills with his wife and three pickaninnies, has been notified by a delegation of representative citizens that he will have to pull stakes and leave town or kill a lean red fox he keeps in a cage in his kitchen. This ultimatum was delivered after much brain tissue had been worn out in solving a problem



WHAT THE WATCHERS SAW. that has caused no end of comment in

the village.

The New York World says that during in the quiet room as his eyes held hers. the past few months Jackson had been "you don't understand even yet, but sale of hens, which he claimed to raise deriving a considerable income from the at his cabin. At the same time farmers "And I have suffered so! It was such a lets and capons. Suspicion attached to For several days the espionage was un-

Jackson was leading by a chain what in the darkness the detective thought to ber my talent for the stage—and your turned out to be a trained red fox. The be a small dog, but which eventually fox, it is alleged, trotted along quietly behind its master until it was liberated. when it made a bee line for the elder's henhouse and disappeared within. A few minutes later it reappeared and Hill. trotted up to Jackson with a dead hen in its mouth. The watcher declares that Jackson took the fowl, put it under his coat and after a due amount of petting sent the fox back for another hen.

It was found, after searching many calf-bound and musty volumes, that no statute governing the case exists, and it was finally decided to notify Jackson to kill the fox or get out of town. Jackson will probably dispense with his pet. How he came to catch the animal and train him to hen-stealing ways is not known, but it is a fact that the man has a wonderful influence over horses, dogs and cats and possesses a mania for teaching them tricks. He has a hog which used to parade on his hind legs until he one year. became too fat, and he makes great pets of two bullfrogs he has taught to croak

"So you have quit selling gold brick? and conducting bunco games," said the old-time pal.

"Yes," answered Mr. Conne. "It is foolish to run around the streets picking up a thousand here or there. The thing to do now is to open an office and have people send you the money by mail."-Washington Star.

Including All.

"I suppose," said the newspaper clerk, who was fixing up the death notice "You'll want the regular form: 'Relatives and friends are respectfully invited, etc.'?"

"Lemme see," replied the widower "mebbe you'd better say: 'Relatives and friends, also the neighbors."-Philadelphia Press.

WORKS LIKE MAGIC.

A little Ozonized Ox Marrew applied to kinky hair makes it straight, smooth, and beautiful, just like magic. It is wonderful how quickly and easily it does the work. It gives the hair life and stops it from breaking off or falling

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you a bottle postpaid, Address Ozonized Ox Marrow Co., 76 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Court Notice.

VIRGINIA:-In the Law and Equity Court of the City of Richmond, July 7th, 1904. Hattie Johnson, Against

Willie Johnson, IN CHANCERY.

The object of this suit is to obtain a livorce avinculo matrimonii by the blaintiff from the defendant. An affidavit having been made and filed that the defendant is a non-resident of the

State of Virginia, it is ordered that he

appear here within 15 days after due publication of this order and do what-

ever is necessary to protect his interest

A Copy Test: P. P. Winston, Clerk.

Fo Willie Johnson: You are hereby notified that I shall on August 12th, 1904, at the law office of Phil. B. Shield, Chamber Commerce Building in Richmond, Va., between the hours of 9 A. M. and 9 P. M. proceed to take the depositions of John Thompson and others to be read as evidence of the process of the state of the st dence in my behalf in the above styled

HATTIE JOHNSON. R. W. Ivey, p. q.

31904



In order to promote circulation and to create additional interest, we have decided to make the

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To any person sending us a yearly subscription of \$1.50 and the name of a friend or relative as a subscriber on the basis stated, we will send them, postage prepaid, a handsome gold-plated breast pin, with their photograph colored and placed therein. A handsome chromo, size 22x28 inches of the Pattle of Shilch, the Pattle of Fort Wagner, Fort Pillow Massacre, Fall of Petersburg, Battle of El Caney Battle c Manila, Land Battle of Quasimas, showing charge of 9th and 10th Cavalry, charge of the 24th and 25t Infantre in rescue of the Rough Riders at San Juan

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His Position.

"I have heard or read somewhere," mused the young lover, "that Wordsworth, or some such name, the poet-I believe he was a poet, or something of the kind-once described woman, if I haven't forgotten the way the remark ran, as being 'A creature not too bright er, 14 Simpson St., Dayton, Ohio, says or good for human nature's daily food, about it in a letter to us January 13, or good for human nature's daily food." very likely he didn't know, himselfbut, anyhow, I do know one thing: She is sweet enough to eat-Gladys Jones is!"-Puck

> The Only Pebble on the Beach. "Halloa, Jack, I understand you'reengaged."

"I am, and to the-" "Ah, yes, I know; to the dearest, sweetest little woman on earth. The one woman calculated to make you a happy home, the embodiment of your ideal, the dream of your youth."

"Say, old man, how did you ever find that out? You-you don't know her, do apply at the main office. vou?"-Tit-Bits.

Mr. John Scheer, expert jeweler, and optician, has moved from East Main street to his handsome new store, 6 North Ninth, opposite News Leader, where he will be glad to meet his many friends and patrons. Everything in jewelry, etc. Expert repairing.

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